THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.

THE

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OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM THE TEXT OF THE CORRECTED COPY LEFT BY THE LATE

GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

WITH GLOSSARIAL NOTES.

A New Edition,

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI. PART I.
. . . . PART II.
. . . . PART III.

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1811.

KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth.
Duke of Gloster, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
Thomas Beaufort, *Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the King,*
Henry Beaufort, *great uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*
John Beaufort, *Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.*
Richard Plantagenet, *eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of* York.
Earl of Warwick. *Earl of* Salisbury. *Earl of* Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewsbury.
John Talbot, *his son.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March.*
Mortimer's *keeper, and a Lawyer.*
Sir John Fastolfe. *Sir* William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale. *Sir* Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London. Woodville, *Lieut. of the Tower.*
Vernon, *of the White Rose, or York faction.*
Basset, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy. *Duke of* Alençon.
Governor of Paris. *Bastard of* Orleans.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, *and his Son.*
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *daughter to Reignier: afterwards married to King Henry.* *Countess of* Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called* Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several attendants both on the English and French.

Scene, *partly in England; and partly in France*

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster *Abbey.*

Dead march. Corpse of King Henry *the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of* BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER; *the Earl of* WARWICK, *the Bishop of* Winchester, *Heralds, &c.*

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black,[1] yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquer'd.

[1] Alluding to our antient stage-practice when a tragedy was to be acted.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verses[1] have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—

[1] There was a notion long prevalent, that life might be taken away by metrical charms.

Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mother's moist eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourish[3] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roüen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.

3 Nurse was antiently so spelt.

One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.[4]

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my steel'd coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.[5]

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance,
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin is crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats;
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

[4] Her, *i. e.* England's.

[5] *i. e.* Their miseries which have had only a short intermission.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,

With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransome there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransome of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.
[*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out: for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
[*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tyed to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.[6]
Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals; who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:

[6] *i. e.* The prey for which they are hungry.

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals[7] or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard *of* Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin, I have news for him.
Char. Bastard[8] of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methink, your looks are sad, your cheer[9] appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Bastard.] But, first to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—
By this mean shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*

[7] A gimmal is a piece of jointed work, where once piece moves within another: here it is taken at large for an engine.

[8] This was not in former times a term of reproach.

[9] Countenance.

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard *of* Orleans, *and Others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this:[2] Thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;

[2] Be firmly persuaded of it.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me:
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-yard,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man. [*They fight.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer,[2] halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,[3] were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

[2] Expect prosperity after misfortune.

[3] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in Acts xxi. 9.

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his serving-men, in blue Coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.[4]—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.

[Servants *knock.*

1 Ward. [*Within.*] Who is there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 Ward. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Answer you so the lord protector, villains?

1 Ward. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up[5] the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants *rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates,* WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

[4] Theft. [5] Break open.

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke: I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by a Train of Servants in tawny Coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest,[6] dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,[7]
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvas[8] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

[6] Alluding to his shaven crown. [7] Traitor. [8] Sift.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[GLOSTER *and his men attack the Bishop.*

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose,[8] I cry—a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet[9] hypocrite!

Here a great Tumult. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fye, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor: thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,

[8] A strumpet. [9] An allusion to the Bishop's habit.

Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou can'st.

Off. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs,[1] if you will not away:
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs[2] bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

[1] That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or staves.
[2] Pride.

SCENE IV.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace:[3]
The prince's espials[4] have inform'd me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY, *and* TALBOT, *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and Others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

[3] Favour. [4] Spies.

How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death
Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd.*
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;

* So stripped of honours.

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate, for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury: at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*Thunder heard; afterwards an Alarum.*
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[SALISBURY *groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel,[5] dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.*

[5] A dirty wench.

SCENE V.

The same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him in: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving* Englishmen *before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:——I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,[6] thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee; [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
And I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[PUCELLE *enters the Town, with Soldiers,*

[6] The superstition of those times taught that he who could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short Alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another Skirmish.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches;
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his Forces, &c.*

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befal our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter to the Gates, a French *Sergeant, and Two* Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[7]
1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit* Sergeant.]
Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds,)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with Scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead March.*

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

[7] The same as guard-room.

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* English *scale the Walls, crying St.* George! *a* Talbot! *and all enter by the Town.*

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French *leap over the Walls in their Shirts. Enter, several ways,* Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready[a] so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,

[a] Undressed.

Never heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he sped.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made,
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[9] to endamage them,

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, *crying a* Talbot! *a* Talbot! *They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left,
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul:
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd;

9 Plans, schemes.

Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse,[1] we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,)
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;[2]
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

[1] Wonder. [2] *i. e.* Where she dwells.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comick sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well, then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.
Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the Countess *and her* Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:

Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure[2] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name, the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspéct,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled[3] shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes.
Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, *with Keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

[2] For opinion. [3] Wrinkled.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,[4]
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practice your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;[5]
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

[4] Foolish. [5] For a purpose.

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,[5]
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience,) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart: and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *The* Temple *Garden.*

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, *and another* Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

5 Announced loudly.

Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suff. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,[6]
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

[6] *i. e.* Regulate his motions most adroitly.

War. I love no colours;[7] and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen: and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;[8]
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* SOMERSET.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

[7] Tints and deceits: a play on the word.
[8] Justly proposed.

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen [9] from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,[1]
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,

[9] *i. e.* Those who have no right to arms.
[1] The temple, being a religious house, was a sanctuary.

For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[2] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker[3] Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[4]
Look to it well: and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,

[2] Excluded. [3] Confederate. [4] Opinion.

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophecy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. *A Room in the* Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a Chair by Two Keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,[5]
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:[6]
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,

[5] The heralds that, fore-running death, proclaim its approach.
[6] End.

Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire[7] of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised[8] Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

[7] *i. e.* He who terminates or concludes misery.
[8] Lately-despised.

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.[9]
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with his father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am

[9] Uneasiness, discontent.

From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroick line.
But mark; as, in this haughty[1] great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening[2] to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

[1] High. [2] Thinking.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaugh-t'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell:[2] and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!
[*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill[3] the advantage of my good.
[*Exit.*

[2] Lucky, prosperous. [3] My ill, is my ill usage.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The Parliament-House.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the Bishop of* Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and Others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a Bill;*[4] Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

[4] *i. e.* Articles of accusation.

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise within;* Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again;* Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd[5] fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[6]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?

[5] Unseemly, indecent.
[6] This was a term of reproach toward men of learning.

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.[7]
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:

[7] Feels an emotion of kind remorse.

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!
[*Aside.*

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physick the tavern affords. [*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, *&c.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet,
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
And if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;

And, in reguerdon[8] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Exeunt all but* EXETER.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:

[8] Recompence.

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Roüen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Roüen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Roüen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
[*Opens the Gates.*

Puc. Now, Roüen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[PUCELLE, *&c. enter the City.*

Enter CHARLES, Bastard *of* Orleans, ALENÇON, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roüen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;[9]
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that,[1] for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a Battlement: holding out a Torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roüen unto her countrymen:
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, *and certain* English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride[2] of France.
[*Exeunt to the Town.*

9 Confederates in stratagems.
1 *i. e.* No way equal to that.
2 Haughty power.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the Town BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a Chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* English *Forces. Then, enter on the Walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON, *and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT, *and the rest, consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt* La Pucelle, *&c. from the Walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Roüen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces, leaving* BEDFORD, *and Others.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world to save my life.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c. and Exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and Others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?[3]
What, all a-mort?[4] Roüen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order[5] in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.
Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies[6] fulfill'd in Roüen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

[3] Scoffs. [4] Quite dispirited.
[5] Make some necessary dispositions. [6] Funeral rites.

SCENE III.

The same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roüen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped[6] from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd[7] from France,
And not have title to an earldom here.

[6] Rooted out. [7] Expelled.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English *March. Enter, and pass over at a distance,* TALBOT *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French *March. Enter the Duke of* BURGUNDY *and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*A Parley sounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransome paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fightest against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty [8] words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—

[8] Elevated.

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely plaied her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords,* VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved[9] of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd[1] with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and Nobles.*
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York.—
Dars't thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;

9 Confirmed in opinion. 1 Rewarded.

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governour *of* Paris, *and Others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governour of Paris, take your oath,
[Governour *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend [1]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* GOV. *and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

[1] Design.

To tear the garter from the craven's[2] leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth:
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty[3] courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.[4]
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;

[2] Mean, dastardly. [3] High.
[4] *i. e.* In greatest extremities.

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death,—

[*Exit* FASTOLFE.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style? [*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend[5] some alteration in good will?
What's here?—*I have upon especial cause,*— [Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,[6]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

[5] Design. [6] Anticipated.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn[7] the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,

[7] Resist.

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd[8] the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you take a better course.

[8] Betrayed.

Exe. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords; be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red Rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And good my lord of Somerset, unite

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLO. SOM. WIN. SUF. *and* BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist, he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much,[8] when scepters are in children's hands;

[8] 'Tis strange, or wonderful.

But more, when envy[9] breeds unkind[1] division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General *of the* French *Forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,

[9] Enmity. [1] Unnatural.

To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due[2] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c. from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:[3]
Not rascal-like,[4] to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,

[2] Endue, honour. [3] In high spirits.
[4] A rascal deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer.

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials[4] were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted[5] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;

[4] Spies. [5] Vanquished, baffled.

Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.[6]

York. Alas! what joys shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [*Exit.*

6 [illegible]led, consumed.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture[7] of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Forces; an* Officer *of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;[8]
Who, ring'd about[9] with bold adversity,

[7] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

[8] *i. e.* From one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others.

[9] Encircled.

Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The English *Camp, near* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,[1]
A terrible and unavoided[2] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard[3] should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me,
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

[1] To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter.
[2] For unavoidable.
[3] Your care of your own safety.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done;
You fled for vantage every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S *Son is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd[4] time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

[4] Ended.

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die:
And like[5] me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

...me to a level with.

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity![6]
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin,[7] and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the Body of* JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither[8] sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—

[6] Death stained and dishonoured with captivity.
[7] "Watching me with tenderness in my fall."
[8] Flexible,

O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two Bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[9]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestical high scorn,—
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot[1] *wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

9 R[...] [1] Wanton.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French *Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!

The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terrour and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze[2] the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] Confound.

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Gloster, *and* Exeter.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity[3] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,

[3] Barbarity, savageness.

So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and Two* Ambassadors, *with* WINCHESTER, *in a Cardinal's Habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*To the* Amb.] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY *and Train;* GLOSTER, EXETER, *and* Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive

The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

France. *Plains in* Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[4]
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,[5]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,

4 Charms sowed up.
5 The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits.

I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail[6] her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French *and* English, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The* French *fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

[6] Lower

York. Fell, banning[7] hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in Lady* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*Kisses her hand.*] for eternal peace:
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend. [*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fye, De la Poole! disable not thyself;[8]

[7] To ban is to curse.
[8] ... thyself so weak."

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransome must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransome must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.[9]

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy[1] may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,

9 An aukward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. 1 Love.

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush: women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo.*

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden scepter in thy hand.
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
... the choice myself.

How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the Walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,[2] or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the Walls.*

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child.

[2] Play the hypocrite.

Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd;
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendation to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But [illegible] I [illegible]ouble you again—

No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish[3] tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad,[4] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, *in* Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and Others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless[5] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

[3] Childish. [4] Wild. [5] Untimely.

Puc. Decrepit miser![6] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fye, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle![7]
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.
[*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

[6] Miser here simply means a miserable creature.
[7] [illegible] of obstinate.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived![8] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:

[8] "No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities."

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live:
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves! [*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Mov'd with remorse[9] of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French:
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquer'd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful[1] enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—

[9] Compassion. [1] Baneful.

You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;[1]
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit[2] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen

[1] Coronet is here used for crown.
[2] "Re[illegible] beneficiary of our king."

By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to* CHARLES.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHARLES, *and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame

(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph[3] having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds:
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

[3] ... publick exhibition; such

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:[4]
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match, with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

[4] By the discretion

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants: and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure[5] me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit.*

[5] Judge.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before HENRY the FIFTH is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

"Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,
"Whose state so many had the managing,
"That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
"Which oft our stage hath shown."

FRANCE IS LOST in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The second and third parts of HENRY VI were printed in 1600. When HENRY V. was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts. The first part of HENRY VI. had been often shown on the stage, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the author been the publisher. JOHNSON.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

*** "The Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of the third part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprize the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing): and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been aukwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment. MALONE.

* Octavo editions.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

King Henry the Sixth:
Humphrey, *Duke of Gloster, his uncle.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the king.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of York:*
Edward *and* Richard, *his sons.*

Duke of Somerset, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Buckingham, *Lord* Clifford, *Young* Clifford, *his son,*	*of the King's party.*
Earl of Salisbury, *Earl of* Warwick,	*of the York faction.*

Lord Scales, *Governour of the Tower.* *Lord* Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and his Brother.* *Sir* John Stanley.
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
A Herald. Vaux.
Hume *and* Southwell, *two Priests.*
Bolingbroke, *a conjurer.* *A Spirit raised by him.*
Thomas Horner, *an armourer.* Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. *Mayor of* Saint Alban's.
Simpcox, *an impostor.* *Two Murderers.*
Jack Cade, *a rebel:*
George, John, Dick, Smith, *the weaver,* Michael, &c. *his followers.*
Alexander Iden, *a Kentish gentleman.*

Margaret, *Queen to King Henry.*
Eleanor, *Duchess of Gloster.*
Margery Jourdain, *a witch.* *Wife to* Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, & Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

...rious parts of England.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, King Henry, *Duke of* Gloster, Salisbury, Warwick, *and Cardinal* Beaufort; *on the other, Queen* Margaret, *led in by* Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, *and Others, following.*

Suffolk.

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
'A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
'If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

'*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious lord;
'The mutual conference that my mind hath had[1]—
'By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
'In courtly company, or at my beads,—
'With you mine alder-liefest[2] sovereign,
'Makes me the bolder to salute my king
'With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
'And over-joy of heart doth minister.

'*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,
'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
'Makes me, from wondering fall to weeping joys;
'Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
'Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

[1] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination.

[2] ... all things.

Glo. [*Reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*——Item,—*That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father*——

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—
Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,
Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

'To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
'Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
'What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
'His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
'Did he so often lodge in open field,
'In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
'To conquer France, his true inheritance?
'And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
'To keep by policy what Henry got?
'Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
'Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
'Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
'Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
'With all the learned council of the realm,
'Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
'Early and late, debating to and fro
'How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
'And hath his highness in his infancy
'Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
'And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
'Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
'Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
'O peers of England, shameful is this league!
'Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame:
'Blotting your names from books of memory:
'Razing the characters of your renown:
'Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
'Undoing all, as all had never been!

'*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
'This peroration with such circumstance?[3]
'For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

* *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
* But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

[3] This speech crouded with so many circumstances of agg...

' Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
* Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
* These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
' *War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:
' For, were there hope to conquer them again,
' My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
' Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
' Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
' And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
' Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
' Mort Dieu!
* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
* France should have torn and rent my very heart,
* Before I would have yielded to this league.
' I never read but England's kings have had
' Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
' And our king Henry gives away his own,
' To match with her that brings no vantages.
* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,
* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
* For costs and charges in transporting her!
* She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
* Before——
* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

‘ ’Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
‘ But ’tis my presence that doth trouble you.
‘ Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
‘ I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
‘ We shall begin our ancient bickerings.[4]—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
’Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
* Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
* And heir apparent to the English crown;
* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
* There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
* Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
‘ What though the common people favour him,
‘ Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;*
‘ Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
‘ *Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*
‘ With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
‘ I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
‘ He will be found a dangerous protector.

* *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,
* He being of age to govern of himself?—
‘ Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
‘ And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—
‘ We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;
* I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

…ishings.

'*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
'And greatness of his place be grief to us,
'Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
'His insolence is more intolerable
'Than all the princes in the land beside;
'If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
* Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
'While these do labour for their own preferment,
'Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
'I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
'Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
'Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
'More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
'As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
'Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
'Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
'Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
'Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
'Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
'Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
'And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
'In bringing them to civil discipline;
'Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
'When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
'Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
'Join we together, for the publick good;
'In what we can to bridle and suppress
'The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
'With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
'And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
'While they do tend

* *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
* And common profit of his country!
* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.
War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
* And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
* Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
* Stands on a tickle[5] point, now they are gone:
* Suffolk concluded on the articles;
* The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
* I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
* And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
* While as the silly owner of the goods
* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
* And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
* While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
* So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,

[5] For ticklish.

* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[6]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

[6] Meleager; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's *House.*

Enter Gloster *and the* Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
* As frowning at the favours of the world?
* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
' What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
* Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
* Until thy head be circled with the same.
' Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
' What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
* And, having both together heav'd it up,
* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
* And never-more abase our sight so low,
* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
' *Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
' Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
' And may that thought, when I imagine ill
' Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
' Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
' My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
' *Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
' With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
' *Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge

'Was broke in twain, by whom, I have forgot,
'But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
'And on the pieces of the broken wand.
'Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
'And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
'This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

'*Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
'Shall lose his head for his presumption.
'But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
'And on my head did set the diadem.

'*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
* Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd[7] Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
* Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
* Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
* To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
* From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

'*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick
'With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
'Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
'And not be check'd.

'*Glo.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

[7] Ill-educated.

Enter a Messenger.

‘ *Mess.* My lord protector, ’tis his highness’ pleasure,
‘ You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
‘ Whereas[8] the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
‘ *Duch.* Yes, good my lord, I’ll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Messenger.
‘ Follow I must, I cannot go before,
* While Gloster bears this base and humble mind,
* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
* And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
* And, being a woman, I will not be slack
* To play my part in fortune’s pageant.
‘ Where are you there? Sir John![9] nay, fear not, man,
‘ We are alone; here’s none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
‘ *Duch.* What say’st thou, majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume’s advice,
‘ Your grace’s title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say’st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr’d
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
‘ *Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais’d from depth of under ground,

[8] For where.
...wed on the clergy.

'That shall make answer to such questions,
'As by your grace shall be propounded him.
'*Duch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
'When from Saint Albans we do make return,
'We'll see these things effected to the full.
'Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
'With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit* Duchess.
* *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
'Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
'Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
'The business asketh silent secrecy.
* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
* Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
'Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
'I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
'And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
'Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
'They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
'Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
'And buz these conjurations in her brain.
* They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
* Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
* To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
* Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
* Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
* And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
* Sort how it will,[1] I shall have gold for all.
[*Exit.*

[1] Let the issue be what it will.

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and Others, with Petitions.*

'1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord 'protector will come this way by and by, and then 'we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[2]

'2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's 'a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and Queen* MARGARET.

'1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the 'queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

'2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of 'Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

'*Suf.* How now, fellow? would'st any thing 'with me?

'1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye 'for my lord protector.

'*Q. Mar.* [Reading the superscription.] *To my* '*lord protector!* are your supplications to his lord'ship? Let me see them: What is thine?

'1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against 'John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for 'keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, 'from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's your's?—What's here! [*Reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my

[2] With great exactness and observance of form.

master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

'*Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of
'York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

'*Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth:
'my master said, That he was; and that the king
'was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt* Servants, *with* PETER.

'*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
'Under the wings of our protector's grace,
'Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the Petition.*
'Away, base cullions![1]—Suffolk, let them go.

**All.* Come, let's be gone.
[*Exeunt* Petitioners.

* *Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
* Is this the fashion in the court of England?
* Is this the government of Britain's isle,
* And this the royalty of Albion's king?
* What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
* Under the surly Gloster's governance?
* Am I a queen in title and in style,
* And must be made a subject to a duke?
'I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
'Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
'And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
'I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
'In courage, courtship, and proportion:
'But all his mind is bent to holiness,
* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:

[1] Scoundrels.

* His champions are—the prophets and apostles;
* His weapons, holy saws[2] of sacred writ;
* His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
* Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
* I would, the college of cardinals
* Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
* And set the triple crown upon his head;
* That were a state fit for his holiness.
' *Suf.* Madam, be patient; as I was cause
' Your highness came to England, so will I
' In England work your grace's full content.
* *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
* The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
* And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
* But can do more in England than the king.
* *Suf.* And he of these, that can do most of all,
* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
* Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
' *Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
' As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
' She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
' More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
* She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
* And in her heart she scorns her poverty:
* Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
* Contemptuous base-born callat[3] as she is,
' She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,

[3] Drab, trull.

* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
* *Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
* And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
* That she will light to listen to the lays,
* And never mount to trouble you again.
* So, let her rest; And, madam, list to me;
* For I am bold to counsel you in this.
* Although we fancy not the cardinal,
* Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
* Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
* As for the duke of York,—this late complaint[4]
* Will make but little for his benefit:
* So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
* And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET, *conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[5] the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

[4] *i. e.* The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master.

[5] Denay is frequently used instead of deny among the old writers.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son;——and show some reason, Buckingham,
* Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

' *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself
' To give his censure:[5] these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
' To be protector of his excellence?

' *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;
' And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
' Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)
' The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
* And all the peers and nobles of the realm
* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,
* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
* And left thee to the mercy of the law.

* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—
* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The Queen drops her Fan.*

[5] Censure here [illegible] judgment or opinion.

'Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the Duchess a box on the Ear.*
'I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?
' *Duch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
'Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.[6]
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
' *Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;
'She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
* Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Duchess.
* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
* She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,
* She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[*Exit.* Buckingham.

Re-enter Gloster.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
* With walking once about the quadrangle,
* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
* As for your spiteful false objections,
* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
* As I in duty love my king and country!
* But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
* I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
* To be your regent in the realm of France.
* *Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave
' To show some reason, of no little force,
' That York is most unmeet of any man.

[6] The marks of

‘ *York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
‘ First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
* Next, if I be appointed for the place,
* My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
* Without discharge, money, or furniture,
* Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
* Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
* Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
* *War.* That I can witness; and a fouler fact
* Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants *of* SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
* *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
* *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these?
‘ *Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man
‘ That doth accuse his master of high treason:
‘ His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
‘ Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
‘ And that your majesty was an usurper.
‘ *K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.
‘ *Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding* ‘ *up his Hands.*] he did speak them to me in the ‘ garret one night, as we were scouring my lord ‘ of York's armour.
...lain, and mechanical,

* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech;—
' I do beseech your royal majesty,
' Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

' *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
' Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
' Because in York this breeds suspicion:
' And let these have a day appointed them
' For single combat in convenient place;
' For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
' This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's
* sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth
* against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I
* shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my
* heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

' *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day
' Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of Gloster's *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

* *Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I
* tell you, expects performance of your promises.
* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore pro-
* vided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our
* exorcisms?[4]
* *Hume.* Ay; What else? fear you not her
* courage.
* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a wo-
* man of an invincible spirit: But it shall be con-
* venient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft,
* while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go
* in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.]
' Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel
' on the earth:—* John Southwell, read you;
* and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, *above.*

* *Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome
* all. To this geer;[5] the sooner the better.
* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
' The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
' The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs[6] howl,
' And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

[4] By exorcise Shakspeare invariably means to raise spirits, and not to lay them.

[6] Village-dogs.

' That time best fits the work we have in hand.
' Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
' We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the Ceremonies appertaining, and make the Circle;* Bolingbroke, *or* Southwell, *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

* *Spir.* Adsum.

* *M. Jourd.* Asmath,
* By the eternal God, whose name and power
* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!

Boling. *First, of the king. What shall of him become?* [Reading out of a Paper.

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the* Spirit *speaks,* Southwell *writes the answer.*

Boling. *What fate awaits the duke of* Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. *What shall befall the duke of* Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
' Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
' False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and Lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their Guards, and Others.*

' *York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
' Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
' What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
' Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
' My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
' See you well guerdon'd[7] for these good deserts.
* *Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
* Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.
* *Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*
' Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
' And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
' Stafford, take her to thee.—
[*Exit* Duchess *from above.*
' We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;'
' All.—Away!
[*Exeunt Guards, with* SOUTH. BOLING. *&c.*
* *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
* Why, this is just,
* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*'
Well, to the rest:
Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

7 Rewarded.

By water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
* Come, come, my lords;
* These oracles are hardily attain'd,
* And hardly understood.
' The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,
' With him the husband of this lovely lady:
' Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
' A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
' *Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
' To be the post, in hope of his reward.
' *York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's
' within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

' Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
' To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Saint* Albans.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hollaing.*

' *Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[7]
' I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

7 The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl.

'Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
'*K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
'And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
'To see how God in all his creatures works!
*Yea, man and birds, are fain[8] of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
'*Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
'That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
'*Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
'*Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!
'*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
'Beat on a crown,[9] the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
'*Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
* *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*
'Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
'With such holiness can you do it?
'*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
'So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord protectorship.

[…] is working on a crown.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that! [*Aside to the* Cardinal.

'*Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

'*Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
'In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

'*Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
'This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

'*K. Hen.* How now, my lords?

'*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,
'Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
'We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to* GLO.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

'*Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
'Or all my fence[1] shall fail. [*Aside.*

'*Car.* *Medice teipsum;*
'Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. } [*Aside.*

[1] Fence is the art of defence.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
* How irksome is this musick to my heart!
* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant *of Saint* Albans, *crying,* A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

' *K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
' Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of Saint* Albans, *and his Brethren; and* Simpcox, *borne between two persons in a Chair; his Wife, and a great Multitude following.*

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,
* To present your highness with the man.

* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
* Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

* *Glo.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
* His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
‘ *K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
‘ Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
‘ But still remember what the Lord hath done.
* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
‘ *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
‘ A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep
‘ By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*
‘ *Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*
* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
* *Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

'*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
'And made me climb, with danger of my life.
* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
'Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
'In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
'*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
* *Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, 's impossible.——
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[*Exit an* Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A Stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah: off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry,* A miracle!

* *K. Hen.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, sir——

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came. [*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.

' *Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

' *Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

' *Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;
' You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

' *K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

' *Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
' A sort[2] of naughty persons, lewdly[3] bent,—
' Under the countenance and confederacy
' Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
' The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
' Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
' Dealing with witches; and with conjurers:
' Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
' Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
' Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
' And other of your highness' privy council,
' As more at large your grace shall understand.

' *Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means
' Your lady is forthcoming[4] yet at London.
' This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
' 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

' *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!

[2] A company.
[3] Wickedly.
[4] ...in custody.

* Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
* And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
* Or to the meanest groom.

* *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
* Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

* *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
* And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

' *Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
' How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal:
' And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
' Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
' Noble she is; but if she have forgot
' Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
' As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
' I banish her, my bed, and company;
' And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
' That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

' *K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
' To-morrow, toward London, back again,
' To look into this business thoroughly,
' And call these foul offenders to their answers;
' And poise[5] the cause in justice' equal scales,
' Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

' *York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

' Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
' In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
' In craving your opinion of my title,
' Which is infallible to England's crown.
* *Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
' Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
' The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
' The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
' Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
' Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
' The fifth, was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
' The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
' William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
' Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
' And left behind him Richard, his only son,
' Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
' Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
' The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
' Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
' Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
' Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
' And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
' Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
* *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;
* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
* *York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
* For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
* Th[illegible] issue of th[illegible]n should have reign'd.

* *Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
* *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
* I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
* Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
* Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

' *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
' As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
' And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
' Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
* But, to the rest.

' *York.* His eldest sister, Anne,
' My mother being heir unto the crown,
' Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
' To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
' By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
' To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
' Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
' Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
' So, if the issue of the elder son
' Succeed before the younger, I am king.

' *War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
' Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
' The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
' Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
' It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
' And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
' Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;

' And, in this private plot,[5] be we the first,
' That shall salute our rightful sovereign
' With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

' *York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
' Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
' With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
* And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
* But with advice and silent secrecy.
* Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
* Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
* At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
* At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
* Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
* That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
* 'Tis that they seek: and they, in seeking that,
* Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

* *Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

' *War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
' Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

' *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
' Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
' The greatest man in England, but the king.
[*Exeunt.*

5 Sequestered spot.

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

'*K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
'In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
'Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
'Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
* You four, from hence to prison back again;
[*To* JOURD. *&c.*
* From thence, unto the place of execution:
* The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
* And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
'You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
'Despoiled of your honour in your life,
'Shall after three days' open penance done,
'Live in your country here, in banishment,
'With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

'*Duch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

* *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
* I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the* Duchess, *and the other prisoners, guarded.*
'Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
'Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
"Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

'I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
'Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[6]
'*K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
'Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
'Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
'My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
'And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
'Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
* *Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of years
* Should be to be protected like a child.—
'God and king Henry govern England's helm:
'Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
'*Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
'As willingly do I the same resign,
'As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
'Farewell, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*
* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
* That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
* His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
* This staff of honour raught:[7]—'There let it stand,
'Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
* *Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
'*York.* Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,

[6] *i. e.* Sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.

'This is the day appointed for the combat;
'And ready are the appellant and defendant,
'The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
'So please your highness to behold the fight.

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
* Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

'*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
'Here let them end it and God defend the right!

* *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,[8]
* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
* The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter on one side, HORNER, *and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him; at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[9]

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for
* me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my

[8] In a worse plight. [9] A sort of sweet wine.

* last draught in this world.*—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: *and touching the * duke of York,—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: * And, therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

* *York.* Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins
to double.
* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* Peter *strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

* *York.* Take away his weapon;—Fellow,
* Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's
way.

' *Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine ene-
' mies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast pre-
' vailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our
sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:[1]
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning Cloaks.*

* *Glo.* Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
* And, after summer, evermore succeeds
* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.[2]
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

' *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
' To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
' Uneath[3] may she endure the flinty streets,
' To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious[4] looks, still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
* But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
* My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

[1] The death of the vanquished person was always regarded as certain evidence of his guilt.
[2] Change. [3] Not easily. [4] Malicious.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* Sir John Stanley, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

' *Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
' See, how the giddy multitude do point,
' And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
' Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
' And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban[4] thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And, thou a prince, protector of this land,
' Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame,[5] with papers on my back;
* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet[6] groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
* Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
* To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

[4] Curse. [5] Wrapped up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. [6] Deep-fetched.

Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
'Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
'With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
* I must offend before I be attainted:
* And had I twenty times so many foes,
* And each of them had twenty times their power,
* All these could not procure me any scathe,[7]
* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
'Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
'Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
'But I in danger for the breach of law.
'Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
'I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
'These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.
Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[*Exit* Herald.

7 Har-

My Nell, I take my leave;—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
‘ *Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays:
‘ And sir John Stanley is appointed now
‘ To take her with him to the isle of Man.
‘ *Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?
‘ *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.
Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;[8]
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.'
Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?
‘ *Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.
‘ *Duch.* Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with thee!
* For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
* Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
* Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
‘ Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
‘ I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
‘ Only convey me where thou art commanded.
* *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
* There to be used according to your state.
* *Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
* And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
* *Stan.* Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
* According to that state you shall be used.
‘ *Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
‘ Although thou hast been conduct[9] of my shame!

[8] *i. e.* The world may look again favourably on me.

[9] ...er.

'*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

'*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
'Come, Stanley, shall we go?

'*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
'And go we to attire you for our journey.

'*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
* And show itself, attire me how I can.
* Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others.*

'*K. Hen.* I muse,[1] my lord of Gloster is not come:
''Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
'Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

'*Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe
'The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
'With what a majesty he bears himself;
'How insolent of late he is become,
'How proud, perémptory, and unlike himself?
'We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
'And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
'Immediately he was upon his knee,

[1] Wonder

‘ That all the court admir’d him for submission:
‘ But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
‘ When every one will give the time of day,[1]
‘ He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
‘ And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
‘ Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
‘ Small curs are not regarded, when they grin:
‘ But great men tremble, when the lion roars:
‘ And Humphrey is no little man in England.
‘ First, note, that he is near you in descent;
‘ And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
‘ Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
‘ Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
‘ And his advantage following your decease,—
‘ That he should come about your royal person,
‘ Or be admitted to your highness’ council.
‘ By flattery hath he won the commons’ hearts;
‘ And, when he please to make commotion,
‘ ’Tis to be fear’d, they all will follow him.
‘ Now ’tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
‘ Suffer them now, and they’ll o’ergrow the garden,
‘ And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
‘ The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
‘ Made me collect[2] these dangers in the duke.
‘ If it be fond,[3] call it a woman’s fear;
‘ Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
‘ I will suscribe and say—I wrong’d the duke.
‘ My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
‘ Reprove my allegation, if you can;
‘ Or else conclude my words effectual.

‘ *Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
‘ And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace’s tale.

[illegible] ...ion. [3] Foolish.

* The duchess, by his subornation,
* Upon my life, began her devilish pr
* Or if he were not privy to those fault
* Yet, by reputing of his high descent,[4]
* (As next the king, he was successive he
* And such high vaunts of his nobility,
* Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duche
* By wicked means to frame our sovereig
Smooth runs the water where the brook i
* And in his simple show he harbours tre
The fox barks not, when he would steal the
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of la
* Devise strange deaths for small offences c
York. And did he not, in his protectorsh
* Levy great sums of money through the re
* For soldiers' pay in France, and never se
* By means whereof, the towns each day re
* *Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faul
known,
* Which time will bring to light in smooth c
Humphrey.
* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care
have of us,
* To mow down thorns that would annoy our f
* Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my
science?
* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
* From meaning treason to our royal person,
* As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well g
* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than
fond affiance!

4 i. e. Valuing himself on hi

a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
disposed as the hateful raven.
mb? his skin is surely lent him,
inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
s on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

i. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
en. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?
n. That all your interest in those territories
erly bereft you; all is lost.
Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!
k. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
ly as I hope for fertile England.
s are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
l caterpillars eat my leaves away:
t I will remedy this gear[5] ere long,
sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
on, my liege, that I have staid so long.
f. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
ess thou wert more loyal than thou art:
arrest thee of high treason here.
o. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
change my countenance for this arrest;
heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
spring is not so free from mud,

or

* As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, staied the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
' I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
' Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
' So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
' Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
' That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
' Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
' Be brought against me at my trial day!
' No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
' Because I would not tax the needy commons,
' Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
' And never ask'd for restitution.

* *Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

* *Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
* For I should melt at an offender's tears,
* And lowly words were ransome for their fault.
' Unless it were a bloody murderer,
' Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
' I never gave them cóndign punishment:

'Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
'Above the felon, or what trespass else.
'*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy,[6] quickly answer'd:
'But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
'Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
'I do arrest you in his highness' name;
'And here commit you to my lord cardinal
'To keep, until your further time of trial.
'*K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
'That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
* Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
* And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
* Foul subornation is predominant,
* And equity exil'd your highness' land.
* I know, their complot is to have my life;
'And, if my death might make this island happy,
'And prove the period of their tyranny,
'I would expend it with all willingness:
'But mine is made the prologue to their play;
'For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
'Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
'Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
'And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
'Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
'The envious load that lies upon his heart:
'And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
'Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
'By false accuse[7] doth level at my life:—
'And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
'Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
* And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up

...r accusation.

* My liefest[8] liege to be mine enemy:—
* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
* Myself had notice of your conventicles,
' I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
' Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
' The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:
* If those that care to keep your royal person
* From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
* Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
* And the offender granted scope of speech,
* 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
' With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
' As if she had suborned some to swear
' False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

' *Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose indeed;—
' Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!
* And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
' Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

' *Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
' Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
' And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
' Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
' For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt* Attendants, *with* GLOSTER.

[8] Dearest.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
* My body round engirt with misery;
* For what's more miserable than discontent?—
* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
* The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
* That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
* What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
* That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
* Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
* Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
* Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
* Looking the way her harmless young one went,
* And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
* Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
* With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
* Look after him, and cannot do him good;
* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
' His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
' Say—*Who's a traitor*, Gloster *he is none.* [*Exit.*

* *Q. Mar.* Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
* Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
* With sorrow [illegible] passengers:

* Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,[9]
* With shining checker'd slough,[1] doth sting a child,
* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
* Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
' This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
' To rid us from the fear we have of him.

* *Car.* That he should die, is worthy policy;
* But yet we want a colour for his death:
* 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

* *Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:
* The king will labour still to save his life,
* The commons haply[2] rise to save his life;
* And yet we have but trivial argument,
* More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

* *York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die.

* *Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

* *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
* Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
* Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
* As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

' *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,
' To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
' Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
' His guilt should be but idly posted over,
' Because his purpose is not executed.

[9] *i. e.* in the flowers gro[...]

' No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
' By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
' Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
' As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
' And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
' Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
' Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
' So he be dead; for that is good deceit
' Which mates[3] him first, that first intends deceit.
* *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
* *Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done;
* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
* Seeing the dead is meritorious,
* And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
* Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
* *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
* Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
* Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
* And I'll provide his executioner,
* I tender so the safety of my liege.
* *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
* *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
* *York.* And I: and now we three have spoke it,
* It skills not greatly[4] who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mess.* Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
' To signify—that rebels there are up,
' And put the Englishmen unto the sword;
* Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
* Before the wound do grow incurable;
* For, being green, there is great hope of help.

... no importance.

* *Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient[5] stop!
' What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
' *York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
' 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
' Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
' *Som.* If York, with all his far-fet[6] policy,
' Had been the regent there instead of me,
' He never would have staid in France so long.
' *York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
' I rather would have lost my life betimes,
* Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
* By staying there so long, till all were lost.
* Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
* Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
* *Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
* If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
* No more, good York:—sweet Somerset, be still;—
* Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
* Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!
' *Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame!
' *Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
' The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
' And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
' To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
' Collected choicely, from each county some,
' And try your hap against the Irishmen?
* *York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
* *Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent;
* And, what we do establish, he confirms:
* Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

[5] Expeditious

‘ *York.* I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
‘ Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
‘ *Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
‘ But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
‘ *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,
‘ That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
‘ And so break off; the day is almost spent:
‘ Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
‘ *York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
‘ At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
‘ For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* YORK.
‘ *York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
‘ And change misdoubt to resolution:
* Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
* Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
* Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
* And find no harbour in a royal heart.
* Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;
* And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
* My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
* Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
* Well, nobles, well, 'tis politickly done,
* To send me packing with an host of men:
* I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
* Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
‘ I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
‘ You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
[illegible] a mighty band,

* I will stir up in England some black storm,
* Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
* And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
* Until the golden circuit on my head,
* Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
* Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[5]
' And, for a minister of my intent,
' I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
' John Cade of Ashford,
' To make commotion, as full well he can,
' Under the title of John Mortimer.
* In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
* Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;[6]
* And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
* Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
* And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
* Caper upright like a wild Morisco,[7]
* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
* Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
* Hath he conversed with the enemy;
* And undiscover'd come to me again,
* And given me notice of their villainies.
* This devil here shall be my substitute;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
* In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
' By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
' How they affect the house and claim of York.
' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured:
' I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
' Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
' Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
' Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
' And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
' For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
' And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

[5] A violent gust of wind. [6] Irish foot-soldiers, light-armed.
[7] A Moor in

SCENE II.

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
* We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
* 2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

' 1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
' *Suf.* Now, sirs, have you
' Despatch'd this thing?
' 1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
' *Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
' I will reward you for this venturous deed.
' The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
' Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
' According as I gave directions?
' 1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
' *Suf.* Away, be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords and Others.*

' *K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
' Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
' If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
' *Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
' *K. Hen.* Lords, take your places;—And, I

' Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
' Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
' He be approv'd in practice culpable.

* *Q. Mar.* God forbid any malice should prevail,
* That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
* Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

' How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
' Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

* *Car.* God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*

' *Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

* *Suf.* He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.

* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now[8] to sing a raven's note,
* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

[8] Just now.

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
' By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
' Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
' Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
' Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
' Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
' Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
' And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
* For in the shade of death I shall find joy:
* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead!

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
* Although the duke was enemy to him,
* Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
* And all to have the noble duke alive.
' What know I how the world may deem of me?
' For it is known we were but hollow friends;
' It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
* So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
* This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
* To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

' *K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me,[9] more wretched than
he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
* Erect his statue then, and worship it,
* And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
' And twice by aukward wind from England's bank
' Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
* What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
* And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
* And bid them blow towards England's blessed
shore,
* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
* But left that hateful office unto thee:
* The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
* Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd
on shore,
* With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
* The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking sands,
* And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
* Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
* Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
* When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
* I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
* And when the dusky sky began to rob

9 *i. e.* Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me.

* My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
* I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
* And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
* And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
* And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
* And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
* And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
* For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
* How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
* (The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)
* To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
* When he to madding Dido, would unfold
* His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
* Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
* For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long,

Noise within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the door.*

' *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
' That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
' By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
' The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
' That want their leader, scatter up and down,
' And care not who they sting in his revenge.
' Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
' Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
' Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
' And comment the——his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner Room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:
* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
* If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
* For judgment only doth belong to thee!
* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
* With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
* Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
* But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
* And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
* What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his Bed:* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made:
* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
* For seeing him, I see my life in death.[1]
' *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live
' With that dread King that took our state upon him
' To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
' I do believe that violent hands were laid

[1] i. e. I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.

'Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
'What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
'*War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[a]
'Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
'Being all descended to the labouring heart;
'Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
'Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
'Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
'To blush and beautify the cheek again.
'But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
'His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
'Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
'His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
'His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
'And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
'Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
'His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
'Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
'It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
'The least of all these signs were probable.
'*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
'Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
'And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
'*War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
'And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

[a] A body become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which [illegible] ought a timelessend.

'’Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
'And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
'*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
'As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
'*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's yonr knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Som. *and Others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.
'*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd [illegible] noble stock

Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou
art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy
blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee
hence:
* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
* And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

* *K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a
heart untainted?
* Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just;
* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A Noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their*
Weapons drawn.

' *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrath-
ful weapons drawn
' Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
' ... ur have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. *Re-enter* SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
[*Speaking to those within.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
' They will by violence tear him from your palace,
* And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
' They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
' And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—
' Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
' As being thought to contradict your liking,—
' Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
* They say, in care of your most royal person,
* That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
* And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
* Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
* That slily glided towards your majesty,
* It were but necessary, you were wak'd;
* Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
* The mortal worm[3] might make the sleep eternal:
* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
* That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
* With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
* They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

3 D

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint[4] an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort[5] of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we'll all break in.

'*K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
'I thank them for their tender loving care:
'And had I not been 'cited so by them,
'Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
'For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
'Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
'And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
'Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
'He shall not breathe infection in this air[6]
'But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

'*Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

'*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
'No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
'Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
'Had I but said, I would have kept my word:
'But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
* If, after three days space, thou here be'st found,
* On any ground that I am ruler of,

[4] Dexterous. [5] A company.
[6] *i. e.* He shall not contaminate this air with his infected

* The world shall not be ransome for thy life,—
' Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
' I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K.* Henry, Warwick, *Lords, &c.*

' *Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
' Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
' Be playfellows to keep you company!
' There's two of you; the devil make a third!
' And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

* *Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

' *Q. Mar,* Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
' Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrakes groan,
' I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
' With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss:
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in [dark-seated] hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
* And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
* Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
* And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban,[7] and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
* To wash away my woeful monuments.
' O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;
[*Kisses his hand.*
* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
' Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
' So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
' 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
' I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
' Adventure to be banished myself:
* And banished I am, if but from thee.
* Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
* O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
* Loather a hundred times to part than die.
* Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
* A wilderness is populous enough,
* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
* For where thou art, there is the world itself,
* With every several pleasure in the world;
* And where thou art not, desolation.
* I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
* Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

' *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?
' *Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
' For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
' That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
' Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
' Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
' Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
* The secrets of his overcharged soul:
' And I am sent to tell his majesty,
' That even now he cries aloud for him.
' *Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king. [*Exit* VAUX.
' Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
' But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
' Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
' Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
' And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
' Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

'Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st,
is coming?
'If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

'*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
'And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
'As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where,[8] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
'And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
'To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
'So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
'Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death;
O, let me stay, befal what may befal.

'*Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful
corrosive,
'It is applied to a deathful wound.
'To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from
thee;
'For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris[9] that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

[8] For whereas. [9] The messenger of Juno.

SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal* Beaufort's *Bed-chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Others. The* Cardinal *in bed; Attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
' *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
' Enough to purchase such another island,
' So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
* When death's approach is seen so terrible!
* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
' Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
* O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
' Alive again? then show me where he is;
' I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
' Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
' Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
' Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
' Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
* That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
* And from his bosom purge this black despair!

‘ *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

‘ Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
‘ Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope—
‘ He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!

‘ *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

‘ *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
‘ Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
‘ And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. *The Sea-shore near* Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a Boat, a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, *and Others; with them* Suffolk, *and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

* *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
* Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
* And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
* That drag the tragick melancholy night;
* Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
* Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
* Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
* Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
* For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

* Here shall they make their ransome on the sand,
* Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
' Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
' And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
' The other, [*Pointing to* SUFFOLK,] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

' 1 *Gent.* What is my ransome, master? let me know.

' *Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

' *Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

* *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;
* The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
* Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

* 1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

* 2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

' *Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
' And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[*To* SUF.
' And so should these, if I might have my will.

* *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransome, let him live.

' *Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
' Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

' *Whit.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
' How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

'*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
'A cunning man did calculate my birth,
'And told me—that by *Water* I should die:
'Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
'Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
'*Whit.* *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
'Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
'But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
'Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
'Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
'And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.
'*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
'*Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
'*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
'Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.[2]
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
'Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
'And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
'How often hast thou waited at my cup,
'Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
'When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
'Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:[3]
* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
* And duly waited for my coming forth?
' This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
' And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

* *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

* *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

* *Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

' *Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
' Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
' Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
' Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
' Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
' For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
' Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
' And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
' Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
* Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
* And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
* For daring to affy[4] a mighty lord
* Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
* Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
* By devilish policy art thou grown great,
* And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
* With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

[3] Pride that has had birth too soon.
[4] T…

* By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
* The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
* Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
* Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
* And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
* The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
* Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
* As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
* And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
* By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
* And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
* Burns with revenging fire: whose hopeful colours
* Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
* Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
* The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
* Is crept into the palace of our king,
* And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
* *Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
* Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
* Small things make base men proud: 'this villain here,
'Being captain of a pinnace,[5] threatens more
'Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
'Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives,
'It is impossible, that I should die
'By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
'Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
'I go of message from the queen to France;
'I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel,
'*Cap.* Walter,——

[5] A pinnace then signif[illegible] ship of small burthen.

' *Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
* *Suf.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus* :—'tis thee I fear.
' *Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
' What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
' 1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
' *Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
' Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
' Far be it, we should honour such as these
' With humble suit: no, rather let my head
' Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
' Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
' And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
' Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
* True nobility is exempt from fear:—
' More can I bear, than you dare execute.
' *Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
' *Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
' That this my death may never be forgot!—
' Great men oft die by vile bezonians:[6]
' A Roman sworder and banditto slave,
' Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
' Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
' Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit* SUF. *with* WHIT. *and Others.*
Cap. And as for these whose ransome we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first* Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *Body.*

' *Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,
' Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*
' 1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
' His body will I bear unto the king:
' If he revenge it not, yet will his friends:
' So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

' *Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made ' of a lath; they have been up these two days.

' *John.* They have the more need to sleep now ' then.

' *Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means ' to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set ' a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

* *Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded * in handycrafts-men.

' *John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather ' aprons.

* *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no * good workmen.

* *John.* True; And yet it is said,—Labour in * thy vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let * the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore * should we be magistrates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better * sign of a brave [illegible] a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's
* son, the tanner of Wingham;——

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies,
* to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,——

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
* iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver:——

* Geo. *Argo,* their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the Butcher,* SMITH *the Weaver, and Others in great number.*

' *Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our sup-
' posed father,——

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[7] [*Aside.*

' *Cade.*—for our enemies shall fall before us,
' inspired with the spirit of putting down kings
' and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer. [*Aside.*

' *Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

' *Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

' *Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

' *Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with
' her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

' *Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;

[7] A

and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

' *Cade.* I thank you, good people:—there shall ' be no money; all shall eat and drink on my ' score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, ' that they may agree like brothers, and worship ' me their lord.

' *Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the ' lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never [illegible] now; who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

' *Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper
' man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty,
' he shall not die,—Come hither, sirrah, I must
' examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.

' *Cade.* Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write
' thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like
' an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

' *All.* He hath confessed: away with him; he's
' a villain, and a traitor.

' *Cade.* Away with him, I say: hang him with
' his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

' *Mich.* Where's our general?

' *Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

' *Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and
' his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

' *Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee

'down: He shall be encountered with a man as 'good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

'*Mich.* No.

'*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a 'knight presently: Rise up sir John Mortimer. 'Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with Drum and Forces.*

* *Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;[8]
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

'*Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
'And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

'*W. Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

'*Staf.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

'*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

[illegible] ard.

'The elder of them, being put to nurse,
'Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
'And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
'Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
'His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

* *Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,
* That speaks he knows not what?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]—Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

'*Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord
'Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

'*Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is Eng-
'land maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but
'that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I
'tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the com-
'monwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more
'than that, he can speak French, and therefore
'he is a traitor.

'*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

'*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The French-
'men are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this;

'Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an ene-
'my, be a good counsellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his
* head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
* Assail them with the army of the king.

' *Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
' Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
' That those, which fly before the battle ends,
' May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
' Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
' And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the Two* STAFFORDS, *and Forces.*

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
* Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;[8]
* For they are thrifty honest men, and such
* As would (but that they dare not,) take our parts.

* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are
* most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two Parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

' *Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

[8] Shoes.

'*Dick.* Here, sir.

'*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and 'oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst 'been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore 'thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as 'long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license 'to kill for a hundred lacking one.

'*Dick.* I desire no more.

* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no * less. This monument of the victory will I bear; * and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' * heels, till I do come to London, where we will * have the mayor's sword borne before us.

* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break * open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, * let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *reading a Supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* SAY *with him: at a distance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'*s Head.*

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens
the mind,
* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
* But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
* But where's the body that I should embrace?

'*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the 'rebels' supplication?

* *K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:

'For God forbid, so many simple souls
'Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
'Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
'Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
'But stay, I'll read it over once again.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
* Rul'd, like a wandering planet,[9] over me;
* And could it not enforce them to relent,
* That were unworthy to behold the same?

' *K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

' *Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

' *Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
'Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
'Descended from the duke of Clarence' house:
'And calls your grace usurper, openly,
'And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
'His army is a ragged multitude
'Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
'Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
'Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
'All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

[9] Predominated irresistibly over my passions; as the planets over those born under their influence.

'They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

*K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

'Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
'Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

*Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
*These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

'K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
'Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

'Say. So might your grace's person be in danger;
'The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
'And therefore in this city will I stay,
'And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

*2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens
*Fly and forsake their houses:
*The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
*Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
*To spoil the city, and your royal court.

*Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

*K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

*Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

*K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [*To Lord* Say.] trust not the Kentish rebels.

*Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

'Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
'And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord SCALES, *and Others, on the Walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain: for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE, *and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*
* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call
* you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very
* fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the Citizens are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some aud pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship thou shalt have it for that word.

' *Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may
' come out of your mouth.

' *John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he
' was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis
' not whole yet. [*Aside.*

' *Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law;
' for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

' *Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so.
' Away, burn all the records of the realm; my
' mouth shall be th

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes,
* unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be
* in common.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the
' lord Say, which sold the towns in France; * he
* that made us pay one and twenty fifteens,[1] and
* one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the Lord* Say.

' *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten
' times.—Ah, thou say,[2] thou serge, nay, thou
' buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank
' of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer
' to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto
' monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be
' it known unto thee, by these presence, even the
' presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom
' that must sweep the court clean of such filth as
' thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted
' the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-
' school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers
' had no other books but the score and the tally,
' thou hast caused printing to be used; and, con-
' trary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou
' hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy
' face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually
' talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abomi-
' nable words, as no Christian ear can endure to
' hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to
' call poor men before them about matters they
' were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast

[1] A fifteen was the fifteenth part of all the moveables, or personal property of each subject.

'put them in prison; and because they could not 'read, thou hast hanged them;[3] when, indeed, 'only for that cause they have been most worthy 'to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,[4] dost 'thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

* *Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, * for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

' *Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.* '

' *Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he 'speaks Latin.

* *Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

'Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
'Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
'Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
'The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
'Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
'I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy:
* Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
* Justice with favour have I always done;
* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
* When have I aught exacted at your hands,
* Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
* Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
* Because my book preferr'd me to the king:

3 *i. e.* They were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

4 A foot-cloth was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse.

* And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
* Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
* You cannot but forbear to murder me.
* This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
* For your behoof,—

* *Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in
* the field!

* *Say.* Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
* Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

* *Geo.* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

* *Say.* These cheeks are pale for[5] watching for your good.

* *Cade.* Give him a box o'the ear, and that
* will make 'em red again.

* *Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

* *Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then,
* and the pap of a hatchet.

' *Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

' *Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

' *Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say,
' I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will
' stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away,
' and behead him.

* *Say.* Tell me, wherein I have offended most?
* Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
* Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
* Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

[5] In consequence of.

* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,[6]
* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
* O, let me live!

* *Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words:
* but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for
* pleading so well for his life. Away with him!
* he has a familiar[7] under his tongue; he speaks
* not o'God's name. ' Go, take him away, I say,
' and strike off his head presently; and then break
' into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer,
' and strike off his head, and bring them both
' upon two poles hither.

' *All.* It shall be done.

* *Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
* How would it fare with your departed souls?
* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

* *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some, with Lord* SAY.
' The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a
' head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;
' there shall not a maid be married, but she shall
' pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it:
' Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge
' and command, that their wives be as free as
' heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

' *Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-
' side, and take up commodities upon our bills?

' *Cade.* Marry, presently.

' *All.* O brave!

[6] *i. e.* These hands are free from shedding guiltless or innocent blood.

[7] A demon who was supposed to attend at call.

Re-enter Rebels, *with the Heads of Lord* SAY *and his Son-in-law.*

'*Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss 'one another, for they loved well, when they were 'alive. Now part them again, lest they consult 'about the giving up of some more towns in 'France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city 'until night: for with these borne before us, 'instead of maces, will we ride through the 'streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss. '—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his Rabblement.*

* *Cade.* Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' * corner! kill and knock down! throw them into * Thames!—[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.* * What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold * to sound retreat or parley, when I command * them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and Old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

'*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
'Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
'Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
'And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
'That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

'*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
'And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
'Or let a rabble lead [illegible] your deaths?

'Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
'Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
'Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
'Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
'Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

'*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

'*Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are 'ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye 'believe him? will you needs be hanged with 'your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword 'therefore broke through London Gates, that you 'should leave me at the White Hart in South-'wark? I thought, ye would never have given 'out these arms, till you had recovered your an-'cient freedom: but you are all recreants, and 'dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the 'nobility. Let them break your backs with bur-'dens, take your houses over your heads, ravish 'your wives and daughters before your faces; 'For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—'God's curse 'light upon you all!

'*All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

'*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
'Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
'And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
'Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
'Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
'Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
'Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
'I see them lording it in London streets,
'Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
'Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,

'Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
'To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
'Spare England, for it is your native coast:
'Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
'God on our side, doubt not of victory.

'*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the 'king, and Clifford.

'*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to 'and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry 'the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and 'makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay 'their heads together, to surprize me: my sword 'make way for me, for here is no staying.—In 'despight of the devils and hell, have through the 'very midst of you! and heavens and honour be 'witness, that no want of resolution in me, but 'only my followers' base and ignominious trea- 'sons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

'*Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
'And he, that brings his head unto the king,
'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.— [*Exeunt some of them.*
'Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
'To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth *Castle.*

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the Terrace of the Castle.*

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner ... I ... of my cradle,

* But I was made a king, at nine months old;
* Was never subject long'd to be a king,
* As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

* *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
* *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpriz'd?
* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE's *Followers, with Halters about their Necks.*

'*Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
' And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
' Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
' *K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
' To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
' Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
' And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
' Continue still in this so good a mind,
' And Henry, though he be infortunate,
' Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
' And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
' I do dismiss you to your several countries.
All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mess.* Please it your grace to be advértised,
* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
* And with a puissant and a mighty power,
* Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,[8]

[8] Two orders of foot-soldiers among the Irish.

* Is marching hitherward in proud array;
* And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
* His arms are only to remove from thee
* The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

* *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
* Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
* Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
* But now[9] is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
* And now is York in arms to second him.—
* I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
* And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
* Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
* And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
* Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

* *Som.* My lord,
* I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
* Or unto death, to do my country good.

* *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms;
* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

* *Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
* As all things shall redound unto your good.

* *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
* For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's *Garden.*

Enter CADE.

* *Cade.* Fye on ambition! fye on myself; that

* have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!
* These five days have I hid me in these woods;
* and durst not peep out, for all the country is
* lay'd for me: but now am I so hungry, that if
* I might have a lease of my life for a thousand
* years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a
* brick-wall have I climbed into this garden; to
* see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another
* while, which is not amiss to cool a man's sto-
* mach this hot weather. And, I think, this word
* sallet was born to do me good: for, many a
* time, but for a sallet,[1] my brain-pan had been
* cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time,
* when I have been dry, and bravely marching,
* it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink
* in; and now the word sallet must serve me to
* feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with* Servants.

' *Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
' And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
' This small inheritance, my father left me,
' Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
' I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
' Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
' Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
' And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

' *Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
' me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple with-
' out leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me,
' and get a thousand crowns of the king for car-
' rying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat
' iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like
' a great pin, ere thou and I part.

[1] A kind of helmet.

' *Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
' I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
' Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
' And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
' Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
' But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

' *Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
' Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,
' See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
' Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
' Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
' Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
' My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
' And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
' Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
' As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
' Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—' Steel, if thou turn the ' edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in ' chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou mayest be turned ' to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O, I am ' slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ' ten thousand devils come against me, and give

'me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy
'them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth
'a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,
'because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

'*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
'Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
'And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
* Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
* But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
* To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

'*Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy vic-
'tory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best
'man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for
'I, that never feared any, am vanquished by fa-
'mine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

* *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me,[a] heaven be my judge.
* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
* So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
'Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
'Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
'And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
'Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
'Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the Body.*

[a] *i. e.* In supposing that I am proud of my victory.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Fields between* Dartford *and* Blackheath.

The King's *Camp on one side. On the other, enter* York *attended, with Drum and Colours: his Forces at some distance.*

' *York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
' And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
' Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
' To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
' Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
' This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
' I cannot give due action to my words,
' Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.[3]
' A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;
' On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

' Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
' The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
' *Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
' *York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
' Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
' *Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege
' To know the reason of these arms in peace;
' Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
hand,

‘ Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
‘ Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
‘ Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
‘ *York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
‘ O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
‘ I am so angry at these abject terms;
‘ And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
‘ On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury! *Aside.*
‘ I am far better born than is the king:
‘ More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
‘ But I must make fair weather yet a while,
‘ Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
‘ O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
‘ That I have given no answer all this while;
‘ My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
‘ The cause why I have brought this army hither,
‘ Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
‘ Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
‘ *Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:
‘ But if thy arms be to no other end,
‘ The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
‘ The duke of Somerset is in the tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
‘ *York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
‘ Soldiers, I thank you all: disperse yourselves;
‘ Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
‘ You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
* And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
* Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
* As pledges of my f[illegible] and love.

* I'll send them all as willing as I live;
* Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
* Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

‘ *Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:
‘ We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

‘ *K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
‘ That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

* *York.* In all submission and humility,
* York doth present himself unto your highness.

* *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

* *York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
‘ And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
‘ Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *Head.*

‘ *Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
‘ May pass into the presence of a king,
‘ Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
‘ The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

‘ *K. Hen.* The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—
‘ O, let me view his visage being dead,
‘ That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
‘ Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

‘ *Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

‘ *K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

‘ *Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;
‘ A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

* *Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
* He were created knight for his good service.
'*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*He kneels.*]
Rise up a knight.
'We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
'And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
'*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
'And never live but true unto his liege!
'*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

'*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
'But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
'*York.* How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
'Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
'False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
'King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
'Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
'That head of thine doth not become a crown;
'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
'And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
'That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
'Is able with the change to kill and cure.
'Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
'And with the same to act controlling laws.
'Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
'O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

' *Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
' Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
* *York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
* Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,[4]
* They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
' *Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
* To say, if that the bastard boys of York
* Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
* *York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
* Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
' The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
' Shall be their father's bail: and bane to those
' That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old* CLIFFORD *and his Son.*

* See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.
* *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
' *Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*
' *York.* I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
' Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
' We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

...ent,

‘ *Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
‘ But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—
‘ To Bedlam with him? is the man grown mad?
‘ *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
‘ Makes him oppose himself against his king.
‘ *Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
‘ And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
‘ His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
‘ *York.* Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
‘ *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
* *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
* *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
‘ Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,[5]
* That, with the very shaking of their chains,
* They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

‘ *Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
‘ And manacle the bear-ward[6] in their chains,
‘ If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
* *Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
* Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
* Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:

[5] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their crest.

[6] Bear-keeper.

* And such a piece of service will you do,
* If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
* *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
* Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
* And shame thine honourable age with blood?
* Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
* *Sal.* My lord, I have considered with myself
* The title of this most renowned duke;
* And in my conscience do repute his grace
* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
* *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
* *Sal.* I have.
* *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
* *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
* [illegible] ful oath.

* Who can be bound by any solemn vow
* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
* To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
* And have no other reason for this wrong,
* But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
  * *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
  ' *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
  ' *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
' I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.
  ' *Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
  ' *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
  Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
  War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,[6]
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
  Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
' Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.
  ' *Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,
' To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

[6] Helmet.

Rich. Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.
' *Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatick,[7] that's more than thou canst tell.
' *Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

' How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
' *York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
' But match to match I have encounter'd him,
' And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
' Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

' *War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

7 One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a sti-

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
'As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.

'*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
'*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
'But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
'*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
'But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.
'*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,
'As I in justice and true right express it!
'*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—
'*York.* A dreadful lay![8]—address thee instantly.
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls.*

'Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*

'*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
'Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
* Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
* Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
* Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
* Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
* He that is truly dedicate to war,
* Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
* Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

[8] A dreadful

* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead Father.*
* And the premised[9] flames of the last day
* Knit earth and heaven together!
* Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
* Particularities and petty sounds
* To cease![1]—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
* To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve[2]
* The silver livery of advised[3] age;
* And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
* My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
* It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
* No more will I their babes: tears virginal
* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
* Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
* Meet I an infant of the house of York,
* Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
* As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
* In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
' Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the Body.*
' As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
' So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
* But then Æneas bare a living load,
* Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
' For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset

[9] Sent before their time. [1] Stop. [2] Obtain.
[3] C

Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
* Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

* *Q. Mar.* Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
* *K. Hen.* Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
* *Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
* Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
* To give the enemy way: and to secure us
* By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
* If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
* Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
* (As well we may, if not through our neglect,)
* We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
* May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,
* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
* But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.[4]
* Away, for your relief! and we will live
* To see their day, and them our fortune give:
* Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

[4] For parties.

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

' *York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contusions and all brush of time;[5]
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,[6]
* Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
* If Salisbury be lost.

' *Rich.* My noble father,
' Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
' Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
' Persuaded him from any further act:
' But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
* And like rich hangings in a homely house,
* So was his will in his old feeble body.
* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

' *Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
' By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you Richard:
' God knows, how long it is I have to live;
' And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
' You have defended me from imminent death.—
* Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;[7]

[5] *i. e.* The gradual detrition of time.

[6] *i. e.* The height of youth; th[...]row of a hill is its summit.

[...]ich we have acquired.

* 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
* Being opposites of such repairing nature.[8]
' *York.* I know, our safety is to follow them;
' For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
' To call a present court of parliament.
' Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :—
' What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets :—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall!
[*Exeunt.*

[8] i. e. Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat.

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth:
Edward, *Prince of Wales, his son.*
Lewis XI. *King of France.*

Duke of Somerset, *Duke of* Exeter, *Earl of* Oxford, *Earl of* Northumberland, *Earl of* Westmoreland, *Lord* Clifford,	*lords on King Henry's side.*

Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of York:*

Edward, *Earl of March, afterwards* King Edward IV. Edmund, *Earl of Rutland,* George, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence, Richard, *afterwards Duke of* Glocester,	*his sons.*
Duke of Norfolk, *Marquis of* Montague, *Earl of* Warwick, *Earl of* Pembroke, *Lord* Hastings, *Lord* Stafford,	*of the Duke of York's party.*
Sir John Mortimer, *Sir* Hugh Mortimer,	*uncles to the Duke of York.*

Henry, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*
Lord Rivers, *brother to Lady Grey.* *Sir* William Stanley. *Sir* John Montgomery. *Sir* John Somerville. *Tutor to Rutland.* *Mayor of* York. *Lieutenant of the Tower.* *A Nobleman.* *Two Keepers.* *A Huntsman.* *A Son that has killed his father.* *A Father that has killed his son.*
Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
Bona, *sister to the French queen.*
Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, *during part of the third act, in France; d[illegible]lay, in England.*

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Others, with white Roses in their Hats.*

Warwick.

I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland;
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
'Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
'Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
'Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
'Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
'Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
'That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody Sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* York, *showing his*

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of* SOMERSET'S *Head.*

* *York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
' And this the regal seat: possess it, York:
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
' For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—
' And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
' Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*

* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
* But little thinks we shall be of her council:
* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

W[illegible] shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

' *York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
' The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.[1]
' I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the Throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and Others, with red Roses in their Hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

' *North.* If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

[1] Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

'My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

'*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

'*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of L[illegible] let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster:
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
' *North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
' *West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
' *Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.
' *War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
' If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith[a] thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*To* YORK.] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

'*K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
' Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
' My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

'*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king:
' For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?[3]
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
* *York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
' *War.* Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,—
' Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
' Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
' *K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—

[3] *i. e.* Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

' Let me, for this my life time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

' *Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

* *West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
* In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
' And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
' The crown to thee, an[illegible] thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath,
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
* And neither by treason, nor hostility,
* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the Throne.*

War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

' *K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

' *York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! [*Senet. The Lords come forward.*

' *York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and the Prince of* Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[4] her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

' *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

' *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?
* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,

[4] Bet[...] discover.

* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
* Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
* Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
* Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
* Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
* And disinherited thine only son.
* *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:
* If you be king, why should not I succeed?
* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—
* The Earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
' And given unto the house of York such head,
* As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
* What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
* And creep into it far before thy time?
* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
' And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
* The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
' Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
' The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
' Before I would have granted to that act.
* But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
' And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
' Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
' Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
' Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
'And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
'And utter ruin of the house of York.
'Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
'Our army's ready; Come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET, *and the* Prince.

'*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
'Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
'Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
* Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
* Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
* Tire[5] on the flesh of me, and of my son!
* The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
* I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
* Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

* *Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

[5] Peck.

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal *Castle, near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

‘ *Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

‘ *York.* Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
‘ What is your quarrel? how began it first?

‘ *Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

‘ *Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;
‘ The crown of England, father, which is yours.

‘ *York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
* It will outrun you, father, in the end.

‘ *York.* I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

‘ *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
‘ I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

‘ *Rich.* No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

‘ *York.* I shall be ... im by open war.

'*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

'*York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

'*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took

'Before a true and lawful magistrate,
'That hath authority over him that swears:
'Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
'Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
'Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
'Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,
* How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
* Within whose circuit is Elysium,
* And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
* Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
* Until the white rose, that I wear, be died
* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

'*York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—

'Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
'And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
'Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
'And tell him privily of our intent.—
'You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
'In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
'Witty[6] and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
'While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
'But that I seek occasion how to rise;
'And yet the king not privy to my drift,
'Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

[6] Of sound judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

‘ But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

‘ *Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
‘ Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
‘ She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
‘ And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

* *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
‘ Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
‘ My brother Montague shall post to London!
* Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
* Whom we have left protectors of the king,
* With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
* And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

* *Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
* And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
‘ You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

‘ *York.* What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What should we fear?
[*A March afar off.*

‘ *Edw.* I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
‘ And issue forth, and [illegible] them battle straight.

'*York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
'I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
'Many a battle have I won in France,
'When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
'Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal *Castle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, *and his* Tutor.

'*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
'*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
'Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
'*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
'That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
'And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—

'Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
'And till I root out their accursed line,
'And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——. [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

'*Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith[7] God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*[8]
[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

'*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
' My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
' And all my followers to the eager foe
' Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
' Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
' My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
' Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
' And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion painted to the hilt
' In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
' And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
' Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
' And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
' *A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!*

[8] Heaven grant this may be your greatest boast.

With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
' We bodg'd[8] again; as I have seen a swan
' With bootless labour swim against the tide,
' And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [*A short Alarum within.*
' Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
' And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
' The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
' Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

' Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
' I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
' I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.[9]
York. My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
' A bird that will revenge upon you all:
' And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
' Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
' So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
' And, in thy thought o'er-run my former time:

[8] *i. e.* We boggled, made bad, or bungling work of our attempt to rally.

[9] Noontide p[illegible] the dial.

* And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
' Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
' And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men[9] yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this molehill here;
' That raught[1] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

9 Hones[t]

* What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
‘ And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin[a] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
‘ Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
* Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper Crown on his Head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

a H— —hief.

As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[3] your head in Henry's glory
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take him to do him dead.[4]

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
' Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
' Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type[5] of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

3 Impale, encircle with a crown. 4 Kill him.
5 The [illegible]

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government,[6] that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.[7]
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
'Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
'Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
'Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
'For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
'And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
''Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions[8] move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

[6] Government in the language of the time signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners.
[7] The North. [8] Sufferings.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
'I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
'My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Plain near Mortimer's *Cross in* Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *with their Forces, marching.*

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
* Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
* From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
* Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
* Or, had he 'scap'd methinks, we should have heard
* The happy tidings of his good escape.—
' How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
' I saw him in the battle range about;
' And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
' Methought, he bore him[8] in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:[9]
* Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
* The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
* So far'd our father with his enemies;
* So fled his enemies my warlike father;
' Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun![1]

[8] Demeaned himself. [9] Neat cattle, cows, oxen, &c.
[1] Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

* How well resembles it the prime of youth,
* Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,[1]
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
' Each one already blazing by our meeds,[2]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
' And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
' Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,
* You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

' But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
' Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
* Your princely father, and my loving lord.

' *Edw.* O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

' *Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

' *Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;

[1] *i. e.* The clouds in rapid tumultuary motion.
[2] Merit.

* And stood against them as the hope of Troy[3]
* Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
* But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
* And many strokes, though with a little axe,
* Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
' By many hands your father was subdu'd;
' But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
' Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
' Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
' Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
' The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
' A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
' Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
' And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
' They took his head, and on the gates of York
' They set the same; and there it doth remain,
' The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
' Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
* O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
* The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
* And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
' Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
' For never henceforth shall I joy again,
' Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

' *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:

3 He[...]

* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
* For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
* And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
* To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
* Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
' Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
' Or die renowned by attempting it.
Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
' His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?
' *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.
Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.[4]
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:

[4] Killed.

And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advértised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
' Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
' Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
' Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;

For in the marches here, we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

'*Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

'*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
'With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,

With Clifford, and the haught[5] Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
'Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
'Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
'And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
'That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
'And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
'The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
'Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
'But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

[5] Lofty.

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
* (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds)
* I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.
* *Edw.* Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?
Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
' *War.* Why then it sorts,[6] brave warriors: Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before York.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *the Prince of* Wales, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
' Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
' *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

6 Why then things are as they should be.

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
' And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
' Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
' Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly[7] *gave away?*
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
' But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—

[7] Foolishly.

That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
'As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
'Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,
'How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

'*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
'And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
'You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
'Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
'For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
'Darraign your battle,[8] for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

[8] *i. e.* Arrange your host, put your host in order.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
'And set thy diadem upon my head;
* Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
'Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
'Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
'To blot out me, and put his own son in.

'*Clif.* And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

'*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

'*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,
'Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at St. Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I pry'thee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,[9]
'That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
'*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
'*Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies[1] to be avoided,
'As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,[2]
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel[3] should be call'd the sea,)
'Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
'To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?[4]
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet[5] know herself—
* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

[9] It is my firm persuasion. [1] One branded by nature.
[2] Gilt is a superficial covering of gold.
[3] Kennel was then pronounced channel.
[4] To show thy meanness of birth by thy indecent railing.

* Although thy husband may be Menelaus;[6]
* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
* By that false woman, as this king by thee.
' His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day:
' Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
' That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
' For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

' *Geo.* But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
' And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
' Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
' We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

[6] *i. e.* A cuckold.

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle between Towton *and* Saxton *in* Yorkshire.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

' *War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
' And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
' For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

* *Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
' Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
' What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?
' *Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
' And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

' *Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
' Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
' Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
' And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
' Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—

'*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
'So underneath the belly of their steeds,
'That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
'The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
'*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
* Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
* Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
* And look upon,[5] as if the tragedy
* Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
'Here on my knee I vow to God above,
'I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
'Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
'And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
* And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
'Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
'That to my foes this body must be prey,—
'Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
'And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
'Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.
'*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
'Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
'I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
'That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
'*War.* Away, away! Once more sweet lords, farewell.
'*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,

[5] And are mere spectators.

' And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
' And, if they thrive, promise them such rewards
' As victors wear at the Olympian games:
* This may plant courage in their quailing[7] breasts;
* For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
* Fore-slow[8] no longer, make we hence amain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

' *Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
' Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
' And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
' Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.
[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*
' *Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
' For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.
[*Exeunt.*

[7] Sinking into dejection.
[8] To fore-slow is to be dilatory, to loiter.

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

* *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,
* When dying clouds contend with growing light;
* What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
* Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
' Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
' Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
' Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
' Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
' Sometime, the flood prevails; and then the wind;
' Now, one the better; then, another best;
' Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
' Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
' So is the equal poise of this fell war.
* Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
* To whom God will, there be the victory!
' For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
' Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
' They prosper best of all when I am thence.
' 'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
' For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
* O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
' To be no better than a homely swain;
* To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
* Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
* How many make the hour full complete,
* How many hours bring about the day,
* How many days will finish up the year,
* How many years a mortal man may live.
* When this is known, then to divide the times:

* So many hours must I tend my flock;
* So many hours must I take my rest;
* So many hours must I cóntemplate;
* So many hours must I spòrt myself;
* So many days my ewes have been with young;
* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
* So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece:
* So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
* Pass'd over to the end they were created,
* Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
* Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
* Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
* To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
* Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
* To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
* O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
* And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
* His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
* His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
* All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
* Is far beyond a prince's delicates;
* His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
* His body couched in a curious bed,
* When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead Body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—
' This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
' May be possessed with some store of crowns:
* And I, that haply take them from him now,
* May yet ere night yield both my life and them
* To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
' Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
' Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.

' O heavy times, begetting such events!
' From London by the king was I press'd forth;
' My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
' Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
' And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
' Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
' Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
* My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
* And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

' *K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
' Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
* Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
* And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
* Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, *who has killed his Son, with the Body in his Arms.*

' *Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
' Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
' For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
' But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
' Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
* Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
* Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
* Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
* Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
' O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
' What stratagems,[9] how fell, how butcherly,
' Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
' This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
' O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

9 This word ha[illegible]

‘ And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
‘ O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
* O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
* The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
* The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
‘ If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
‘ Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

‘ *K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woeful chances,
‘ Misthink[1] the king, and not be satisfied?

‘ *Son.* Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

‘ *Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?

‘ *K. Hen.* Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?
‘ Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

‘ *Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the Body.*

* *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
* My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
* For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
* My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
* And so obsequious[2] will thy father be,
* Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
* As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

[1] Think unfavourably of.

funeral rites.

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

'*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
'Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* Wales, *and* EXETER.

'*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
'And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
'Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

'*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain,
'Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
'Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
'With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
'And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
'Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

'*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
'Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

'*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
'Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
'Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

'*Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.

O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
' And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
* They never then had sprung like summer flies;
' I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
' And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
' No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
' The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
' I stabb'd your father's bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTACUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

' *Edw.* Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause.

'And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
* Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
'That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
'As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
'Command an argosy to stem the waves.
'But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
'And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.[3]

Edw. See who it is: and now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

'*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
'Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
'In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
'But set his murdering knife unto the root
'From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
'I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
'Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
'That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
'Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound.

[3] For separation.

‘ And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
‘ 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
‘ Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
‘ Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.[4]

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.[5]

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

‘ *Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.

‘ *Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
‘ When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
‘ If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
‘ This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,

[4] Sour words; words of asperity. [5] Favour.

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
' From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
' And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
' And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
* For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
* And never will I undertake the thing,
* Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
' Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
' And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
' Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Chace in the North of* England.

Enter Two Keepers, *with Cross-bows in their Hands.*

‘ 1 *Keep.* Under this thick grown brake[5] we'll shroud ourselves;
‘ For through this laund[6] anon the deer will come;
‘ And in this covert will we make our stand,
‘ Culling the principal of all the deer.
* 2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
* 1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
* Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
* Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
* And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
* I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
* In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
‘ 2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, *disguised, with a Prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
‘ To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
‘ No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
* Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
* Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
‘ No humble suitors press to speak for right,
* No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

5 Thicket. 6 A plain extended between woods.

'1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
'This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.
**K. Hen.* Let me embrace these sour adversities;
* For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
** 2 Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
* 1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
'Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
'To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
'Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
'For Warwick is a subtle orator,
'And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
'By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
'For she's a woman to be pitied much:
* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
* The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
* And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
* To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
* Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
* That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
* With promise of his sister, and what else,

* To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
* O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

' *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
' A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

' 2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

' *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
* Nor to be seen: ' my crown is call'd, content;
' A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

' 2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
' To go along with us: for, as we think,
' You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
' And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
' Will apprehend you as his enemy.

* *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

* 2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

* 2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;

* My father and my grandfather, were kings;
* And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
* 1 Keep. No;
For we were subjects, but while you were king.
* K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
* Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
* And as the air blows it to me again,
* Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
* And yielding to another when it blows,
* Commanded always by the greater gust;
* Such is the lightness of you common men.
* But do no not break your oaths; for, of that sin
* My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
* Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
* And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
* 1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
* If he were seated as king Edward is.
1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
* *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
* And what God will, then let your king perform;
* And what he will, I humbly yield unto.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in* ...

Enter King Edward, Glost... Clare...
and Lady Grey.

' *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
' This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
' Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
' The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
* It were dishonour, to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
' *Glo.* Yea! is it so?
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind? [*Aside.*
Glo. Silence! [*Aside.*
' *K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit;
' And come some other time, to know our mind.
' *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
' May it please your highness to resolve me now;
' And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
' *Glo.* [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
' An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
' Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

[Clar]. I fear her not, unless she chance to f[al]l. [Aside.

[Glo.] [G]od [forbid] that! for he'll take vantages. [Aside.

K. Edw. [Ho]w many children hast thou, wi[dow?]tell me.

[Clar.] [I thi]nk, he means to beg a child of her. [Aside.

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two. [Aside.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [Aside.

' K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay good leave[7] have you; for you will have leave,

' Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Gloster *and* Clarence *retire to the other side.*

* K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

* L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

* K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

* L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

* K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

* L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

[7] This phrase implies readiness of assent.

* *L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to y[damaged]
ness' service.
* *K. Edw.* What service [damaged] thou [damaged]
give them?
* *L. Grey* What you comm[damaged] that rests in
me to do.
* *K. Edw.* But you will take ex[damaged]ep[damaged]s t[damaged] my
boon.
* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot
do it.
* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean
to ask.
* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your
grace commands.
* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain
wears the marble. [*Aside.*
* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must
melt. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear
my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am
a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I
freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand
thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a
curt'sy.

' *K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love
I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my lov-
ing liege.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

' *L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble
thanks, my prayers;

'That [illegible]ve, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. [illegible], by my troth, I did not mean
* [illegible] such love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive.
* Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

'*K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
'Accords not with the sadness[8] of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

'*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*

'K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
* Her words do show her wit incomparable;

[8] The seriousness.

* All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
' I know I am too mean to be your queen:
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. ,Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
' Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

' *Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
' And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
' And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
' To question of his apprehension.—
' Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.

[*Exeunt King* Edward, *Lady* Grey, Clarence, *and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
' That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
' To cross me from the golden time I look for!
' And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
* (The lustful Edward's title buried,)
' Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
' And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
' To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
* Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
* Like one that stands upon a promontory,
* And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
* Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
* And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
* Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
* So do I wish the crown, being so far off;

* And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
* And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
* Flattering me with impossibilities.—
* My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
* Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
* Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
* What other pleasure can the world afford?
' I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
' And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
' O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
' Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
' And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
' She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
' To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
' To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
' To shape my legs of an unequal size;
* To disproportion me in every part,
* Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
* That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
' O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
* Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
* But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
* As are of better person than myself,
* I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
* Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head,
* Be round impaled[9] with a glorious crown.
* And yet I know not how to get the crown,
* For many lives stand between me and home:
* And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;

[9] Encircled.

* Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
* Not knowing how to find the open air,
* But toiling desperately to find it out,—
* Torment myself to catch the English crown:
* And from that torment I will free myself,
* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
‘ And cry, content to that which grieves my heart;
* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
* And frame my face to all occasions.
* I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
* I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
* I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
* Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
* And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
‘ Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
‘ And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
‘ Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the* French *King, and Lady* BONA, *attended; the King takes his State. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD *her son, and the Earl of* OXFORD.

‘ *K. Lew.* Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, [*Rising.*
‘ Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state,
‘ And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

* *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France; now Margaret

* Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
* Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
* Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
* But now mischance hath trod my title down,
* And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
* Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
* And to my humble seat conform myself.

* *K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

* *Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
* And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

* *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
* And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck [*Seats her by him.*
* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
* Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
* Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
* It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

* *Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
* And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
* That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
* Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
* And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
* While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
* Usurps the regal title, and the seat
* Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
* This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
* With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
* Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
' And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
' Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

* Our people and our peers are both misled,
* Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
* And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

* *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
* While we bethink a means to break it off.

* *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

* *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

* *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
* And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

' *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his State, Queen* MARGARET *rises.*

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
* For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

' *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

‘ *Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*To* BONA.] in our king's behalf,
‘ I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,
‘ Before you answer Warwick. His demand
* Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
* But from deceit, bred by necessity;
* For how can tyrants safely govern home,
* Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
* To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
* That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
* Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
* Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
* Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
* For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
* Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain?
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
‘ Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:

From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
'*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
'Whom thou obey'd'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.
'*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
'My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
'When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
'Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
'While I use further conference with Warwick.
'*Q. Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
[*Retiring with the* Prince *and* Oxford.
'*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
'Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
'To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,

' Tell me for truth the measure of his love

' Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—

That this his love was an eternal plant;

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;

Exempt from envy,[1] but not from disdain,

Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—

Yet I confess, [*To* WAR.] that often ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;

* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

* Touching the jointure that your king must make,

* Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—

Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,

That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

* By this alliance to make void my suit;

* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:

[1] Malice, or hatred.

* But if your title to the crown be weak,—
* As may appear by Edward's good success,—
* Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
* From giving aid, which late I promis'd.
* Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
* That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you;—
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;
* Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
* I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
* Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
* Thy sly conveyance,[a] and thy lord's false love;
* For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
[*A Horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*To* MARGARET. *They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
* I hope, all's for the best.

[a] Juggling.

'*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

'*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
'And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
'Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
'Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
'Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
'And am I guerdon'd[3] at the last with shame?
* Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
* And, to repair my honour lost for him,
* I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
'My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

'*Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;

[3] Rewarded.

'And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
'And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
* He's very likely now to fall from him;
* For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
* Or than for strength and safety of our country.
* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
* But by thy help to this distressed queen?
* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.
* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
* *K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.
* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
* Thou see'st what's past, go fear[4] thy king withal.

[4] Fright.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.°
Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit* Mess.
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
' Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
' What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
' *Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—
' Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
' Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
' And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
' That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
* *Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
* And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.
' *K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
' And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
' Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

'I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
'For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as embassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale,[5] but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and Others.*

'*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
'Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
'Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
'*Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
'How could he stay till Warwick made return?
'*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, *attended; Lady* GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and Others.*

'*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.
'*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

[5] A stalking horse, a pretence.

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
‘ That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
‘ *Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
‘ *K. Edw.* Suppose, they take offence without a cause,
‘ They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
‘ Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
‘ *Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our king:
‘ Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
‘ *Glo.* Not I:
‘ No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
‘ Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
‘ *K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
‘ Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
‘ Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
‘ And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
‘ Speak freely what you think.
‘ *Clar.* Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis
‘ Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
‘ About the marriage of the lady Bona.
‘ *Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
‘ Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
‘ *K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
‘ By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
' *Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
' England is safe, if true within itself?
' *Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
' *Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:
' Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,[6]
' Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
' And with their helps only defend ourselves;
' In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
' To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
' *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
' And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
' *Glo.* And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
' To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
' Unto the brother of your loving bride;
' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
' *Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir[7]
' Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

6 This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England.

7 The heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who matched them to his favourites.

'And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
'That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
'*Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment;°
'Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
'To play the broker in mine own behalf;
'And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
'*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
'And not be tied unto his brother's will.
'*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleased his majesty
'To raise my state to title of a queen,
'Do me but right, and you must all confess
'That I was not ignoble of descent,
* And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
* But as this title honours me and mine,
* So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
* Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
'*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
'What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
'So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
'And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
'Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
'Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
'Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
'And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
* *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

'*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

'*Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
'But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
'*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
'Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
'What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
'But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
'She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
'For I have heard, that she was there in place.[8]
Mess. Tell him, quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done,*[9]
And I am ready to put armour on.
'*K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
'*Mess.* He, more incens'd against your majesty
'Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

[8] Present. [9] Thrown off.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
' Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
' They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
' But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
' That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
* Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
* That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
* I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*
* *Glo.* Not I:
* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
* Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
* Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
* And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
' Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
' Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
' They are already, or quickly will be landed:
' Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.
' But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
' Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
' Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
' Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
' If it be so, then both depart to him;
' I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;

'But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
'Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
'That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

'*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

'*K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.
'Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with* French *and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
* That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
* With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
* And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
* For I intend but only to surprize him.—
' You, that will follow me to this attempt,
' Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry*, Henry!

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Edward's *Camp, near* Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the King's Tent.*

*1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;
* The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
*2 *Watch.* What, will he not to-bed?
*1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
* Never to lie and take his natural rest,
* Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

*2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
* If Warwick be so near as men report.

*3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
* That with the king here resteth in his tent?

*1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

*3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
* While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

*2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

*3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
* I like it better than a dangerous honour.
* If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

*1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

*2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
* But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

' *War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
' Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
' But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

*2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all*—Warwick! Warwick! *and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying,* Arm! Arm! WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding. Re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair;* 'GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

' *Som.* What are they that fly there?
' *War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king?
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
' When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
' Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
* Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?
* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
' Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
' Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
' Edward will always bear himself as king:
* Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind,[1] be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his Crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
* And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
' My lord of Somerset, at my request,
' See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd

[1] *i. e.* In his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

' Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
' When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
' I'll follow you, and tell what answer
' Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

* *K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
* It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit King* EDWARD, *led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*

* *Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
* But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
' To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

' *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

' *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
' What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

' *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

' *Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

' *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
' Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

'Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:
'And, as I further have to understand,
'Is new committed to the bishop of York,
'Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
' *Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
'Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
'Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
* And I the rather wean me from despair,
* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
* This is it that makes me bridle passion,
* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
* And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
'King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
' *Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,
* To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
* Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
'But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
'(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
'I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
'To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
'There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
'Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
'If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham *Castle in* Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and Others.*

'*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
'Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
'Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
'Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
'Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
'He hath good usage and great liberty;
'And often, but attended with weak guard,
'Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
'I have advértis'd him by secret means,
'That if about this hour, he make this way,
'Under the colour of his usual game,
'He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
'To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, *and a* Huntsman.

'*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
'*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—
'Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
'Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
'*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
'Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
'*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

' *Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

' *Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

' *K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

* *Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

' *K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

' *Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

* *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

' *K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant *of the Tower, and* Attendants.

* *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
* Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
* And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
* My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
* At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
* I then crave pardon of your majesty.

* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

* Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
* For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
* Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
* At last, by notes of household harmony,
* They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
* But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
* He was the author, thou the instrument.
* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
* And that the people of this blessed land
* May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
' Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
' I here resign my government to thee,
' For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

* *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
* And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
* By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
* For few men rightly temper with the stars:[4]
* Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
* For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.[5]

* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
* As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
* And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

* *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;

[4] Few men conform their temper to their destiny.
[5] Present.

* Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
* That no dissention hinder government:
' I make you both protectors of this land;
' While I myself will lead a private life,
' And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

* *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
* For on thy fortune I repose myself.

* *War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:
* We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
* To Henry's body, and supply his place:
* I mean, in bearing weight of government,
* While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
* Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
* And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

* *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
* Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
* That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
* Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
* My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

' *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

'Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
'*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
'*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers
[*Lays his Hand on his Head.*
'Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
'This pretty lad[5] will prove our country's bliss.
'His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
'His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
'His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
'Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
'Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend?
* *Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,
* And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
* *War.* Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?
* *Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
* And the lord Hastings, who attended[6] him
* In secret ambush on the forest side,
* And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
* For hunting was his daily exercise.
* *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—
* But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
* A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt King* Henry, War. Clar. Lieut. *and Attendants.*

[5] Afterward Henry VII.

[6] *i. e.* Waited for him.

* *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
* For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
* And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
* As Henry's late presaging prophecy
* Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
* So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
* What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
* Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
* Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
* Till storms be past of civil enmity.

* *Oxf.* Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
* 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

* *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
* Come therefore, let's about it speedily, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

' *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
' Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
' And says—that once more I shall interchange
' My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
' Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
' And brought desir'd help from Burgundy:
' What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
' From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
' But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

' *Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;

* For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
* Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
* *K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
* By fair or foul means we must enter in,
* For hither will our friends repair to us.
* *Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor *of* York, *and his Brethren.*

‘ *May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
‘ And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
‘ For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
‘ *K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
‘ Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
‘ *May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
‘ *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
‘ As being well content with that alone.
‘ *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
‘ He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*
‘ *Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.
‘ *May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*
‘ *Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!
* *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,

* So 'twere not 'long of him:[7] but, being enter'd,
* I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
* Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor *and Two* Aldermen, *below.*

'*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
' But in the night, or in the time of war.
' What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his Keys.*
' For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
' And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
'*K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
'*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
' Our title to the crown! and only claim
' Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
'*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
' Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A March begun.*
'*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
' By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
'*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,—

[7] The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

'If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
'I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim;
* Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

* *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
* The bruit[8] thereof will bring you many friends.

* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
* And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a Paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,* &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

' *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.
' If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

[8] Noise, report.

‘ Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
‘ And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
‘ Above the border of this horizon,
‘ We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
‘ For, well I wot,[9] that Henry is no soldier.—
* Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
* To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
* Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
* Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
* And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
‘ And many giddy people flock to him.

* *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
‘ Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
‘ The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
‘ Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

[9] Know.

'Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
'Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
* Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
* Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

* *Oxf.* And thus [*Kissing* HENRY's *hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
* And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR. CLAR. OXF. *and* MONT.

* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.
* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field
* Should not be able to encounter mine.

* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed[9] hath got me fame.

[9] Merit.

* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
* Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
* My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
* I have not been desirous of their wealth,
* Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
* Then why should they love Edward more than me?
* No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
* The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* *A* Lancaster! *A* Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

'*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
'And once again proclaim us king of England.—
* You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;
* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
* And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
'Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King* HENRY.

'And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
'Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
'The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
'Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.[1]

* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,

[1] The allusion is to the proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines."

* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *Two* Messengers, *and Others.*

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

' 1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

' 2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

' *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
' And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

' *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
' And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

' *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my lord: here Southam lies;
* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. *Enter King* EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces, marching.*

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
' *Glo.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
" Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?
' Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
' And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
' *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
* I'll do thee service for so good a gift.[2]
' *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
' *War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again:
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

[2] *i. e.* Enroll myself among thy dependants.

' And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?
' *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
' The king was slily finger'd from the deck![3]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
* Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
* And with the other fling it at thy face,
* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
* Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,
* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
* *Wind-changing* Warwick *now can change no more.*

Enter OXFORD, *with Drum and Colours.*

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[OXFORD *and his Forces enter the City.*
' *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.
' *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs,
* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

3 A pack of cards was anciently termed a deck of cards.

'If not, the city, being but of small defence,
'We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with Drum and Colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

'*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
'Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
* My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with Drum and Colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
* More than the nature of a brother's love:—
* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means;
[*Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.*
'Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime[4] the stones together,

[4] i. e. To cement.

'And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
'That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,[5] unnatural,
'To bend the fatal instruments of war
'Against his brother, and his lawful king?
* Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
* To keep that oath, were more impiety
* Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
* I am so sorry for my trespass made,
* That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
* I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
* With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
* (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
* To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
'Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
'And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
'For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

'*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never had'st deserv'd our hate.

'*Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. O passing[6] traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

'*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords to the field; Saint George, and victory.
[*March. Exeunt.*

[5] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.
[6] Eminent, egregious.

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
* For Warwick was a bug,[6] that fear'd[7] us all.—
* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept?
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
* These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
* Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
* To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

[6] Bugbear. [7] Terrified.

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
* We might recover all our loss again!
' The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
' Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!
' *War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
* If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
* And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
* Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
* Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
* That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
* Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
' *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
' And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
' And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
' And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
' Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
' That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
' I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
' O, farewell, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves: for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *Body.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

' *K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
' And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
' But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
' I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
' That will encounter with our glorious sun,
' Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
' I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
' Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
' And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
* *Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
* And blow it to the source from whence it came:
* Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
* For every cloud engenders not a storm.
* *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
' And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
' If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;
' We having now the best at Barnet field,
' Will thither straight, For willingness rids ways;
' And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
* But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
' What though the mast be now blown over-board,
' The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
' And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
' Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
' Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
* With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
' And give more strength to that which hath too much;
* Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
* Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
* Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
' Say, Warwick was our anchor! What of that?
' And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
' Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
' Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
' And Somerset another goodly mast;
' The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
' And though unskilful, why not Ned and I
' For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
' We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
* But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
* From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
* As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
* And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?

* What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
* And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
* All these the enemies to our poor bark.
* Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
* Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
* Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
* Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
* This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
* In case some one of you would fly from us,
* That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
* More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
* Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
* 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

* *Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
* Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
* Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
* And make him, naked, foil a man at arms,
' I speak not this, as doubting any here:
' For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
' He should have leave to go away betimes;
' Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
' And make him of like spirit to himself.
' If any such be here, as God forbid!
' Let him depart, before we need his help.

' *Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
' O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee? Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

' *Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
' Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
' If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet Oxford, thanks.

* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
' Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

' *Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,
' To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and Forces.*

' *K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
' Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
' Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
* I need not add more fuel to your fire,
* For, well I wot,[7] ye blaze to burn them out:
* Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
' My tears gainsay;[8] for every word I speak,
' Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
' Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
' Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
' His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
' His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
' And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

[7] Know. [8] Unsay, deny.

‘ You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
‘ Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Prisoners.*

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle[9] straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
‘ Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
‘ *Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*
* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,
* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that who finds Edward,
* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
* *Glo.* It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
* What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
‘ Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

[9] A castle in Picardy.

'For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
'And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

'*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop[1] fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

'*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm[2] your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:—
'And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

[1] The Prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Æsop.

[2] *i. e.* I will compel you to be as silent as if you were deprived of speech by enchantment.

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [Glo. *stabs him.*
* *Cla.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Clar. *stabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
' *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?[3]
' *K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother:
' I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
' Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
' *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*
' *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
' Canst thou not speak!—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
' He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
' What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
* No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
* And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
* How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
' You have no children, butchers! if you had,
' The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
' But, if you ever chance to have a child,

[3] Dispute, contention.

Look in his youth to have him so cut off.
' As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it.

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
'Twas sin before,[3] but now 'tis charity.
' What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

' *K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

' *Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
' Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
' With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

[3] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

‘ And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
‘ By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

King Henry *is discovered sitting with a Book in his Hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* Gloster.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
* And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit* Lieutenant.

* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckless[3] shepherd from the wolf:
* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

‘ *K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
‘ With trembling wings misdoubteth[4] every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

‘ *Glo.* Why, what a peevish[5] fool was that of Crete,
‘ That taught his son the office of a fowl?
‘ And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

[3] Careless. [4] To misdoubt is to suspect danger, to fear.
[5] Childish.

' *K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
' The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
' Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
' Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
' Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
' My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.—
' But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
' *Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
' If murdering innocents be executing,
' Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
' And thus I prophecy,—that many a thousand,
' Which now mistrust no parcel[6] of my fear;
' And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
' And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
' Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
' And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
' Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
' The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd[7] her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
' To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

[6] No part of what my fears presage.
[7] To rook, signified to squat down, or lodge on any thing.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
'Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech; [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
'O, may such purple tears be always shed
'From those that wish the downfal of our house!
'If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither, [*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
'And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
'Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
'And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the
light;
But I will sort[8] a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
'That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
'Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
'I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his Throne; Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal
throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
'With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,

[8] Select.

And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
'Went all a foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

'*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
'Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
'And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. } *Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence
to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs,[9] mirthful comick shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

9 Public shows.

The three parts of King HENRY VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which, however, I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works, one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, snd the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished than those of King JOHN, RICHARD II. or the tragick scenes of King HENRY IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted. JOHNSON.

THE END.

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